MARVEL
022
DUGGAN
LOLLI
GURU-eFX
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!
DEADPOOL
MERC
WITH A MOUTH
7/16 MW

Avenger...Assassin...Superstar...Smelly person...Possibly the world's most skilled mercenary, definitely the world's most annoying, Wade Wilson was chosen for a top-secret government program that gave him a healing factor allowing him to heal from any wound. Somehow, despite making his money as a gun for hire, Wade has become one of the most beloved "heroes" in the world. Call him the Merc with the Mouth...call him the Regeneratin' Degenerate...call him...

DEADPOOL

HEY THERE, POOL-HEADS. IT'S YOUR BUDDY ***DEADPOOL,*** BACK AGAIN.

AND ACCORDING TO THIS COMIC...I'M ***DEAD*** RIGHT NOW.

HERE'S THE DEAL: THERE'S THIS GUY NAMED ***MADCAP.*** HE'S THIS NUTTY GUY WHO CAN'T BE HURT OR KILLED WHO GOES AROUND ANNOYING SUPER HEROES WITH HIS ZANY HIJINX. I KNOW--SOUNDS FAMILIAR, RIGHT?

HE AND ME ACCIDENTALLY HEALED TOGETHER ONE TIME AND HE WAS STUCK INSIDE MY BRAIN. APPARENTLY, EVEN MY BRAIN CAN DRIVE A CRAZY PERSON CRAZY, BECAUSE EVER SINCE HE GOT OUT, HE'S GONE FROM ZANY ANNOYING KOOK TO HOMICIDAL MANIAC WITH A GIGGLE.

HE'S BEEN OUT TO PUNISH ME FOR A WHILE, BUT NOW, HE'S BEEN GROWING BACK LIKE A FUNGUS ON THE BODY OF SOMEONE WHO KNOWS ME WELL.

AND HE SAYS HE'S DEVELOPED A ***SUPER-VIRUS*** THAT CAN FINALLY GET HIM HIS REVENGE.

HE DOSED ME WITH IT AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK. SO... YEAH.

I GUESS YOU GOT SUCKERED INTO BUYING 20 PAGES OF BLANK COMIC. SORRY FOLKS.

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

PATIENCE: ZERO

Gerry Duggan
writer

Matteo Lolli
artist

Guru-eFX
colorist

VC's Joe Sabino
letterer

Tradd Moore & Matt Wilson
cover

Heather Antos
assistant editor

Jordan D. White
editor

Axel Alonso
editor in chief

Joe Quesada
chief creative officer

Dan Buckley
publisher

Alan Fine
executive producer

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OF ALL THE BODIES THAT END UP IN HERE...

...I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE IMPULSE TO PUT ON A CLOWN SUIT AND TRY TO SAVE THE WORLD.

THERE ARE *PROFESSIONALS* FOR THAT.

MAYBE HE *WAS* A PROFESSIONAL.

IF HE WAS, WOULD HE BE ON OUR TABLE RIGHT NOW?

THE GUY HE'S DRESSED AS IS REALLY FAMOUS, RIGHT? DEATHPOOL?

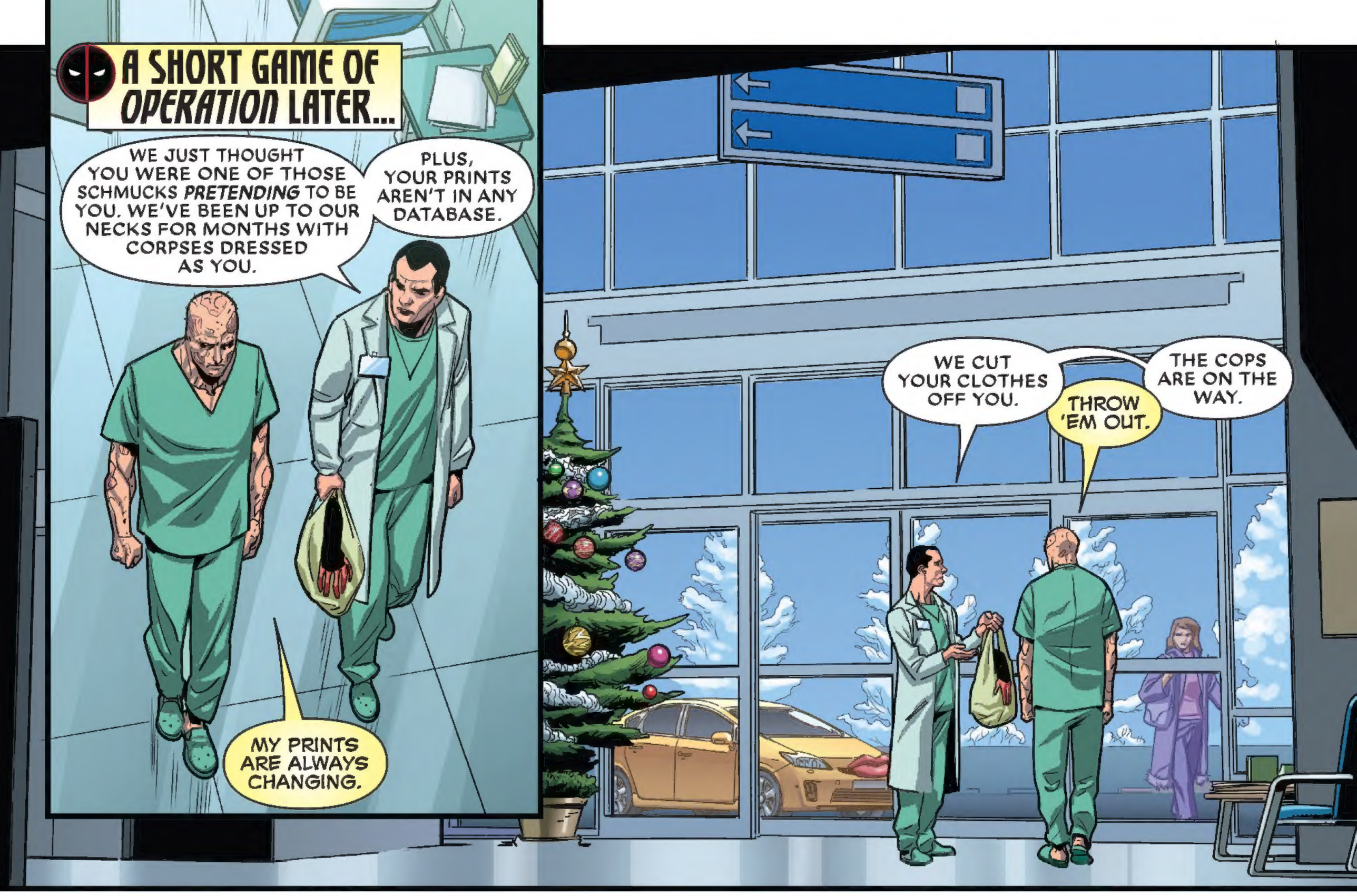
GASP

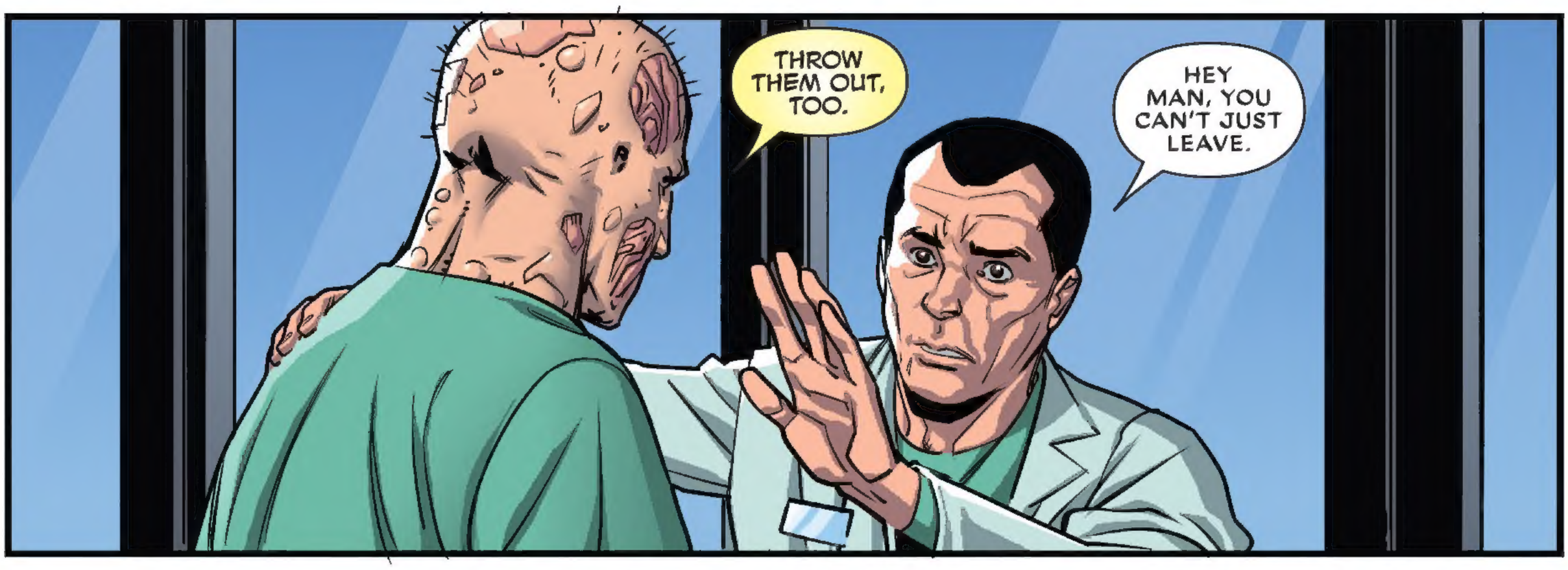
WATER.

UNGHH...

I FEEL LIKE HELL.

I THINK YOU CAN SEE WHY.
DO ME A FAVOR, CAN YOU JUST PUT EVERYTHING BACK WHERE YOU FOUND IT AND CLOSE THE HOOD?


A SHORT GAME OF OPERATION LATER...
WE JUST THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THOSE SCHMUCKS PRETENDING TO BE YOU. WE'VE BEEN UP TO OUR NECKS FOR MONTHS WITH CORPSES DRESSED AS YOU.
PLUS, YOUR PRINTS AREN'T IN ANY DATABASE.
MY PRINTS ARE ALWAYS CHANGING.
WE CUT YOUR CLOTHES OFF YOU.
THROW 'EM OUT.
THE COPS ARE ON THE WAY.


THROW THEM OUT, TOO.
HEY MAN, YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE.

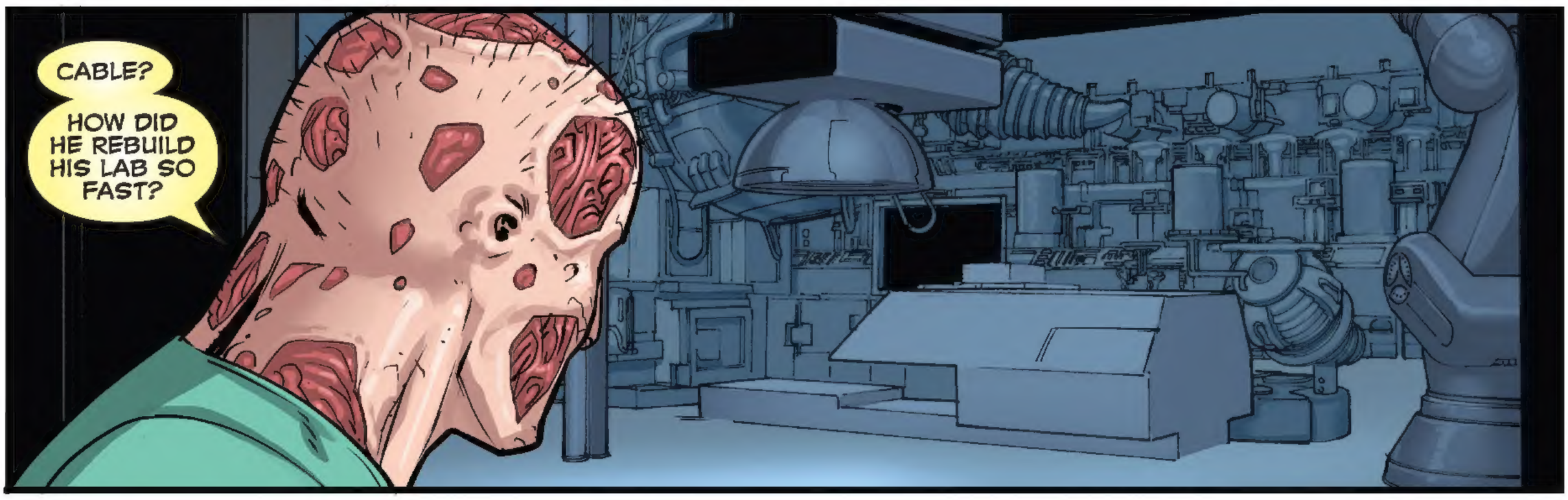
OH YEAH? YOU GONNA STOP ME?
SI-SIX PEOPLE ARE DEAD.

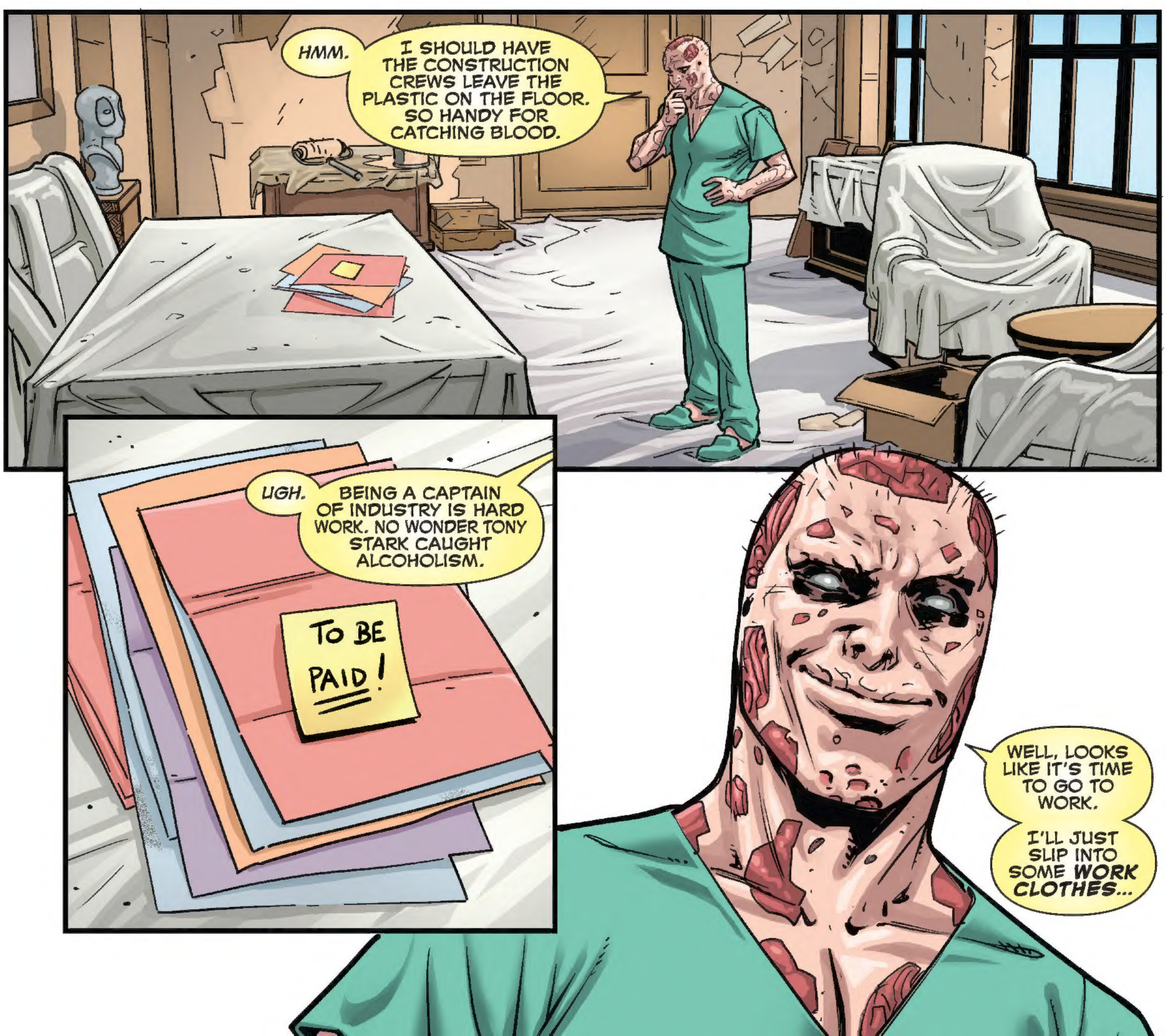
WHAT?

I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH BEFORE WAKING UP AT THE CORONER.
THE COPS TELL ME ABOUT THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO. LITTLE BITS START TO COME BACK.
I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE...
...BUT MADCAP IS BACK.
HE'S REGROWING INSIDE SOMEONE AND I NEVER SAW HIS FACE.
COPS CAN'T HELP WITH THAT.
HELL, I MAY NEED THE AVENGERS TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE.

AVENG
WITH DEADPOO
JEEZ, THERE YOU ARE. I GOTTA SAY, YOU'RE A HARD MAN TO FIND WHEN THE BILL IS DUE.
SEND IT TO THE OFFICE.
WE DID. IT'S *PAST DUE.*
HEY MAN, WE ALL HAVE MASTERS. I GOT MY BOSSES TO PAY. AND MY BOSSES ARE THE KINDS OF PEOPLE THAT SETTLE EVERYTHING OUT OF COURT.
GOT IT.
WHAM
PASS A MESSAGE ON TO YOUR TOTALLY NOT MAFIA-CONTROLLED BOSSES AND LET THEM KNOW THEIR MONEY IS ON THE WAY, AND IF THEY AREN'T HAPPY WITH THAT, THEY CAN COME SEE ME AND MY GUNS HERE AT HOME.

HELLO?
ROGUE?


CABLE?
HOW DID HE REBUILD HIS LAB SO FAST?


HMM.
I SHOULD HAVE THE CONSTRUCTION CREWS LEAVE THE PLASTIC ON THE FLOOR. SO HANDY FOR CATCHING BLOOD.
UGH.
BEING A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY IS HARD WORK. NO WONDER TONY STARK CAUGHT ALCOHOLISM.
TO BE PAID!
WELL, LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME TO GO TO WORK.
I'LL JUST SLIP INTO SOME WORK CLOTHES...

"...AND MAKE SOME MONEY."
I LOVE THE HOLIDAYS.
IT'S A TIME TO TAKE FROM THE RICH...
...AND MAKE MYSELF LESS POOR.
I PUT ON MY SPECIAL RED SUIT AND GO TO WORK.

HO-HO-HOLY $@#%, YOU MAFIA DIRTBAGS!
IT'S THE INFERIOR SPIDER-MAN!
WHUBB
GAKK!

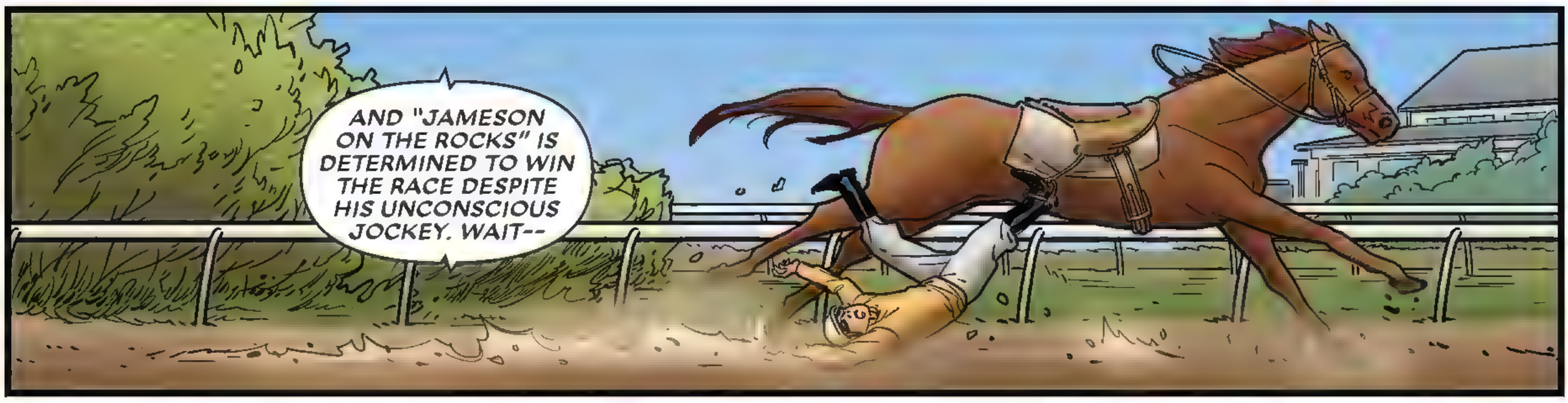
SPIDER-MAN, SPIDER-MAN, STEALS WHATEVER A SPIDER CAN.
OF COURSE I CAN, JUST NOT RIGHT NOW.
CAN HE SWING FROM A THREAD?
DOO-DOO! SOMETHING SOMETHING.
THWACK
SPIDER-MAN!

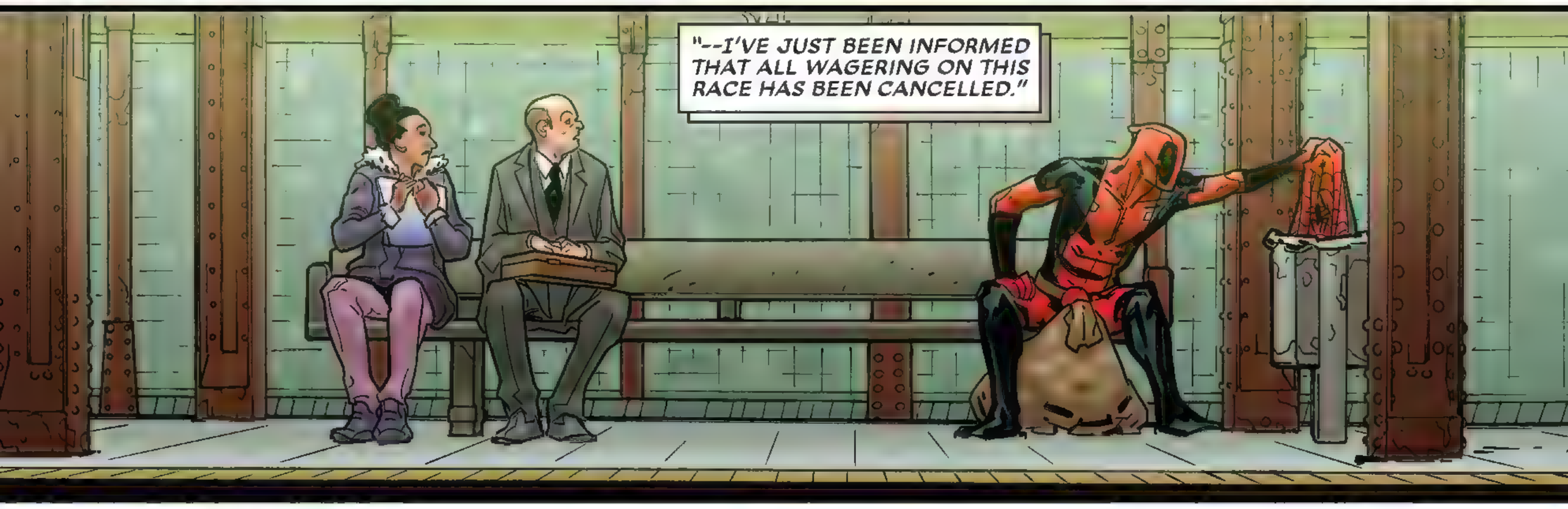
SPIDER-MAN, SPIDER-MAN.
FRIENDLY, PUNCHING SPIDER-MAN.
YOU'RE LUCKY I FORGOT MY SWORD,
TRACTION IS YOUR REWARD.
EH, SONG'S OVER ANYWAY.
WHEN STEVE ROGERS ASKED THAT I JOIN HIS PERSONAL AVENGERS SQUAD, HE SAID, "WADE, I NEED A GOOD SOLDIER. YOU CAN KEEP BEING YOURSELF."
WELL, THIS IS ME BEING ME, SO I'M GONNA ASSUME THAT ROGERS WOULD BE COOL WITH MY BAD HABITS AT THE TRACK.
THOUGH, HE DID JUST FIRE ME, SO MAYBE HE NEVER APPROVED OF ANY OF THIS?
BLAMM
BLAMM
YEAANG!
C'MON, GUYS, THIS SUIT IS A RENTAL.
YOU RUIN MY THREADS, I'M GONNA RUIN YOURS.
BLAMM
OW.

LOOK OUT, I'M DOC OCK AGAIN!
YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT THE KIND OF SPIDER THAT WOULD PUKE ACID ON HIS VICTIMS AND THEN SLURP UP THEIR REMAINS.
WHUDD
MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!
HMM. THAT WAS LAST ISSUE, WASN'T IT?
HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!
AND ONE FOR YOU!
WHAKK
GASP
SORRY, HORSE! I GOT CARRIED AWAY.
FORGIVE ME-- YEEAOW!
THWACK

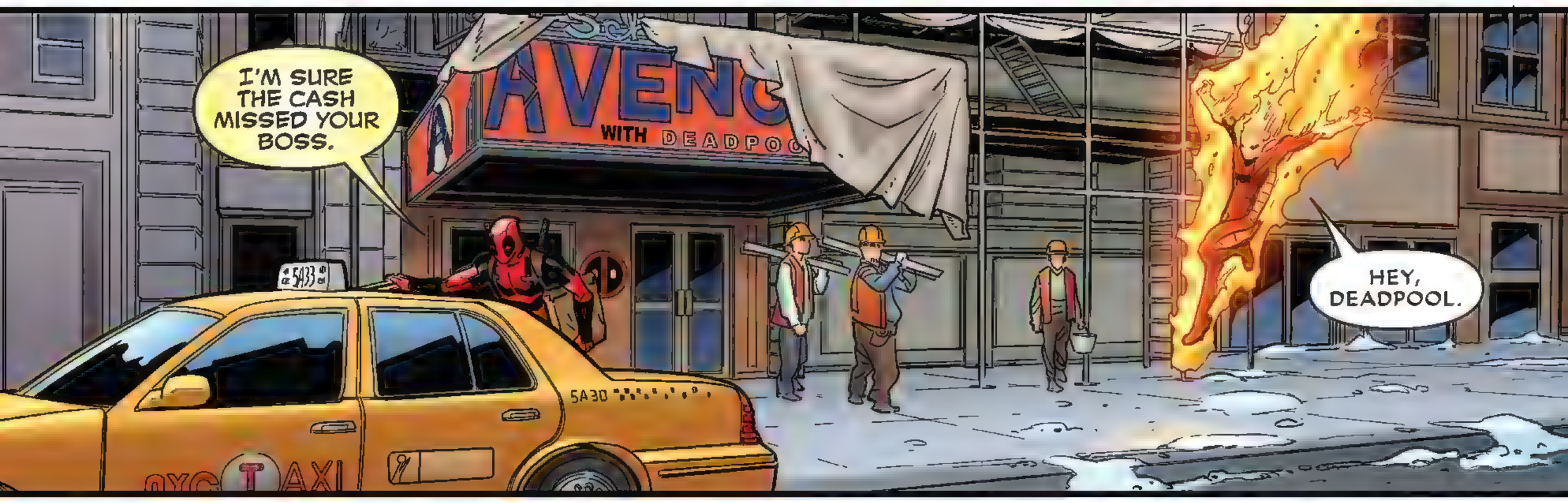
AND THEY'RE OFF AT THE DEUBERT STAKES!
OH, FOR THE LOVE OF!
THIS IS THE WORST!
"HOOF HEARTED" IS IN THE EARLY LEAD!
WHAT THE-- A LATE ENTRANT ON THE NUMBER NINE HORSE COMES STREAKING THROUGH THE PACK!
BLAM BLAM
"SHENANIGANS, THE HORSE" NARROWLY AVOIDS GUNFIRE ON THE TRACK.
HOLY &#$%! EVERYONE SHELTER IN PLACE!!!
BLAMM BLAMM

THE UNNAMED ENTRANT TO THE RACE HAS LEFT JUST AS QUICKLY AS HE ARRIVED.


AND "JAMESON ON THE ROCKS" IS DETERMINED TO WIN THE RACE DESPITE HIS UNCONSCIOUS JOCKEY. WAIT--


"--I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT ALL WAGERING ON THIS RACE HAS BEEN CANCELLED."

SEE? HERE IS THE MONEY I OWE YOU.
THANKS, DEADPOOL.
MY BOSSES WILL BE EVEN HAPPIER THAT YOU PAID IN CASH.


I'M SURE THE CASH MISSED YOUR BOSS.
WITH
HEY, DEADPOOL.

TORCH, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME.
DO ME A FAVOR AND DEPOSIT THIS INTO OUR VIGILANTE GROUP'S MAIN ACCOUNT.
WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?
I REALLY SHOULDN'T BE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THAT MONEY RIGHT NOW.
÷SIGH÷
I WAS ONCE ON THE WORLD'S GREATEST TEAM OF HEROES.
NOW I'M STARRING IN A DELETED GOODFELLAS SCENE.
WHERE TO?
DO YOU LIKE GOING TO THE TRACK? HOW ABOUT WE--
SHA-ZAM
Dinner's ready soon.
Dinner's ready soon.
TAKE ME TO QUEENS.
I GOT A DATE.
"WHO INVITED YOU?"

SERIOUSLY, WHO INVITED YOU?

YOU DID, PRESTON.

THE HELL I DID.

AH.

CLEVER GIRL.

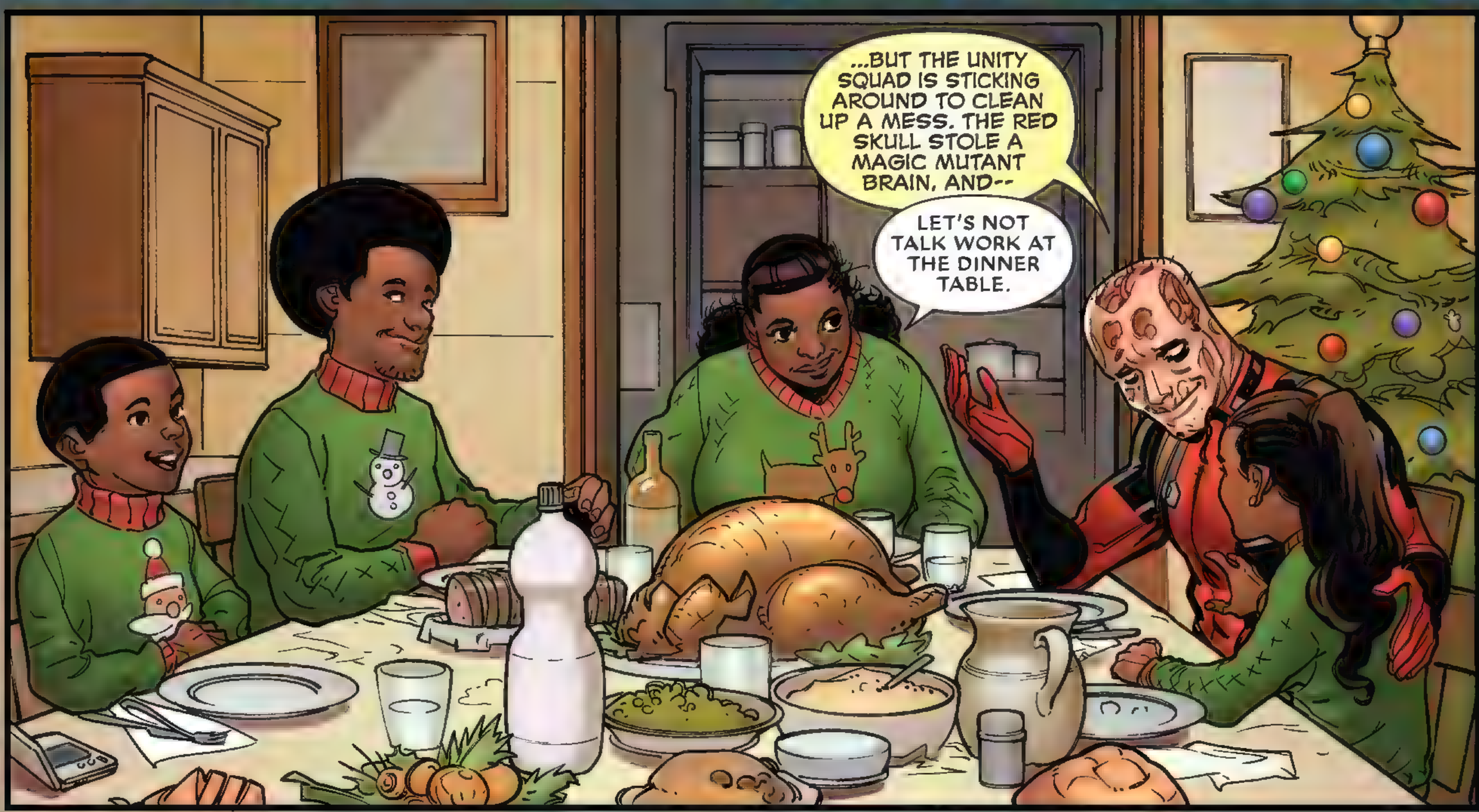
JUST TELL ELLIE I NEVER RESPONDED TO "YOUR" TEXT.

FINE. STAY FOR DINNER.

BUT DON'T BREAK ANYTHING OR KILL ANYONE.

TERRY, MY MAN!
YO, DP.
YEAH!

HEY, GUYS.
HI, WADE.
I HEARD YOU GOT FIRED FROM THE AVENGERS.
WE ALL KNEW THAT WAS COMING.

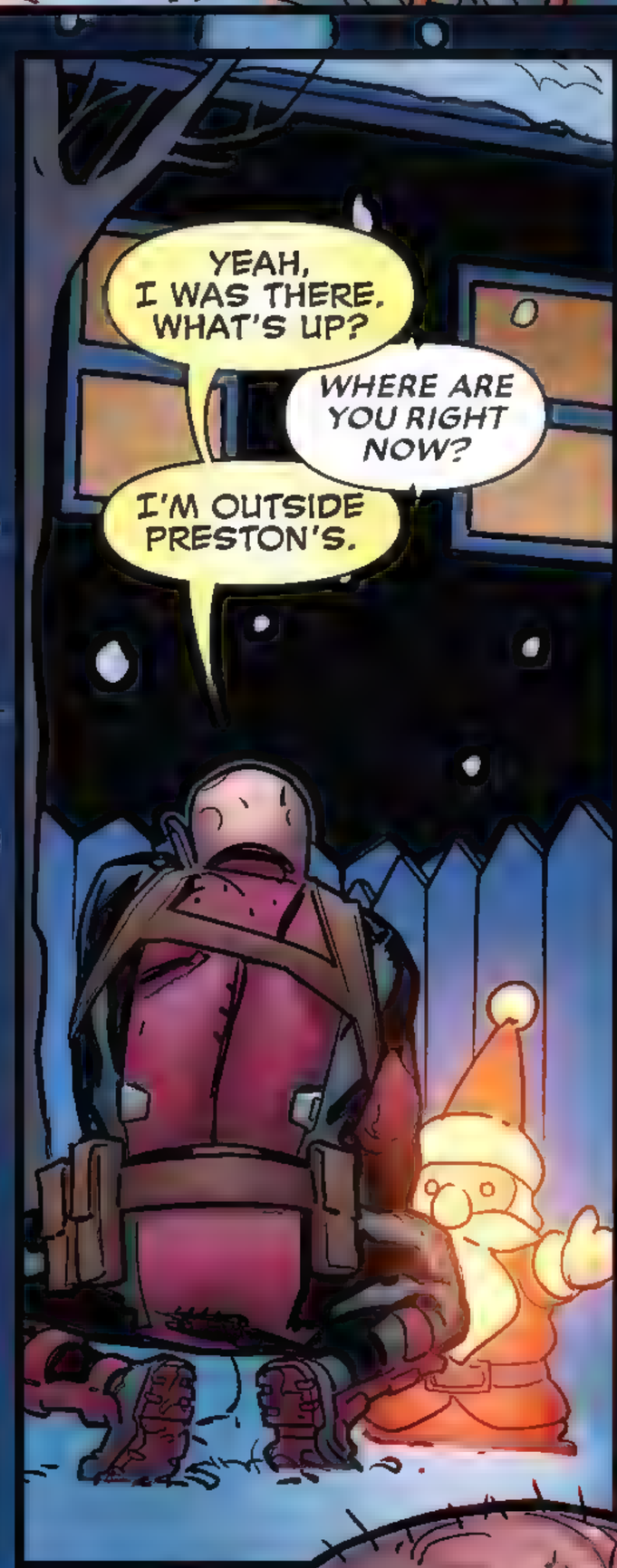

...BUT THE UNITY SQUAD IS STICKING AROUND TO CLEAN UP A MESS. THE RED SKULL STOLE A MAGIC MUTANT BRAIN, AND--
LET'S NOT TALK WORK AT THE DINNER TABLE.

"THIS IS S.H.I.E.L.D. SPECIAL AGENT SCOTT ADSIT. PATCH ME THROUGH TO DEADPOOL ON A SECURE CHANNEL.

"PUT THE RAPID RESPONSE UNIT ON STANDBY."

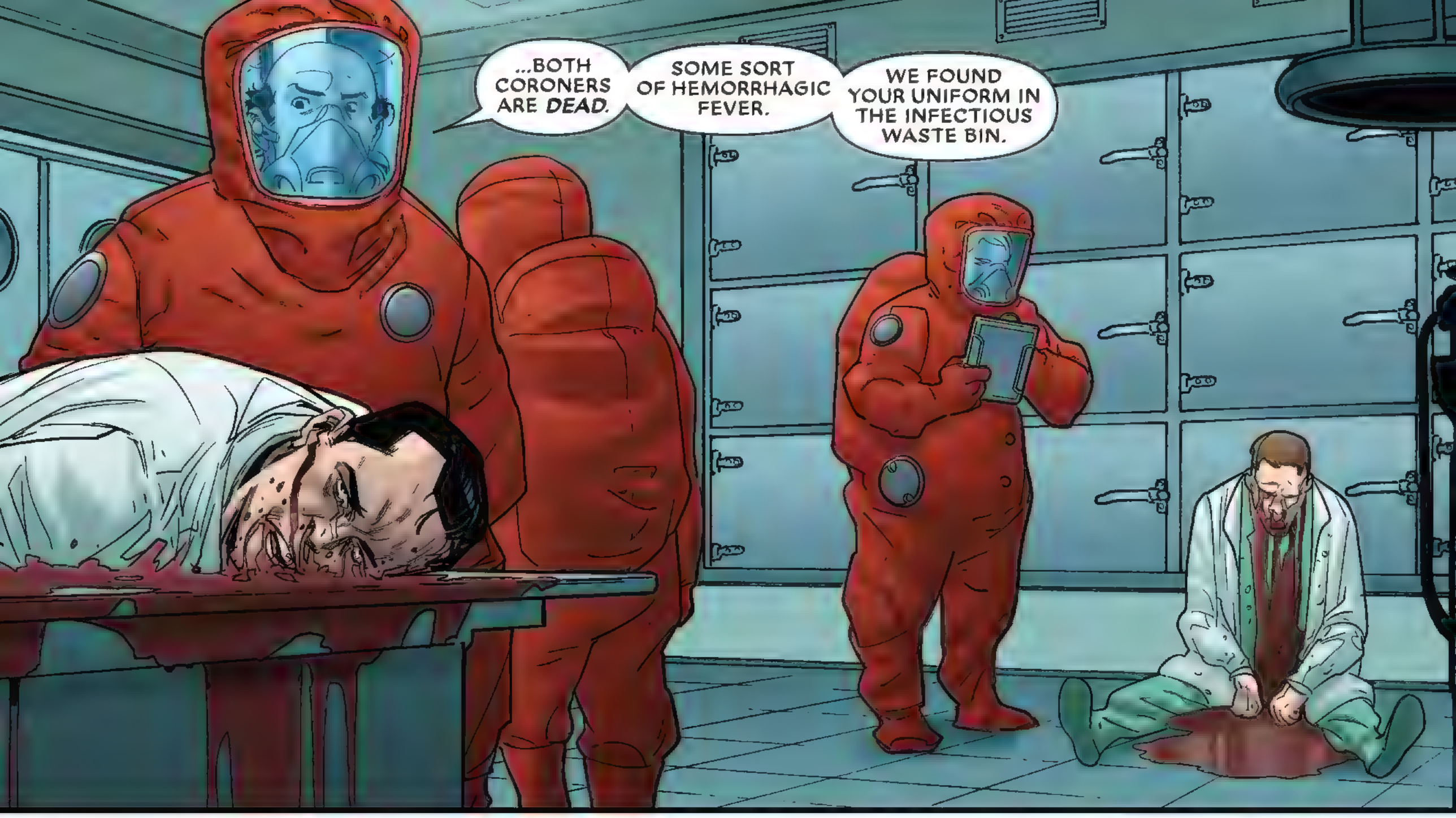
YO. WHAT'S UP, ADSIT?
WHERE ARE YOU RIGHT NOW, DEADPOOL?
I'M FEELING A LITTLE EMOTIONALLY VULNERABLE AFTER THE UNITY SQUAD IMPLODED, AND FINANCIALLY INSECURE AFTER THE DEADPOOL MERCHANDISE SLOWED DOWN. BUT I'M TRYING TO KEEP MY CHIN UP.
OR DID YOU MEAN WHERE I AM PHYSICALLY?

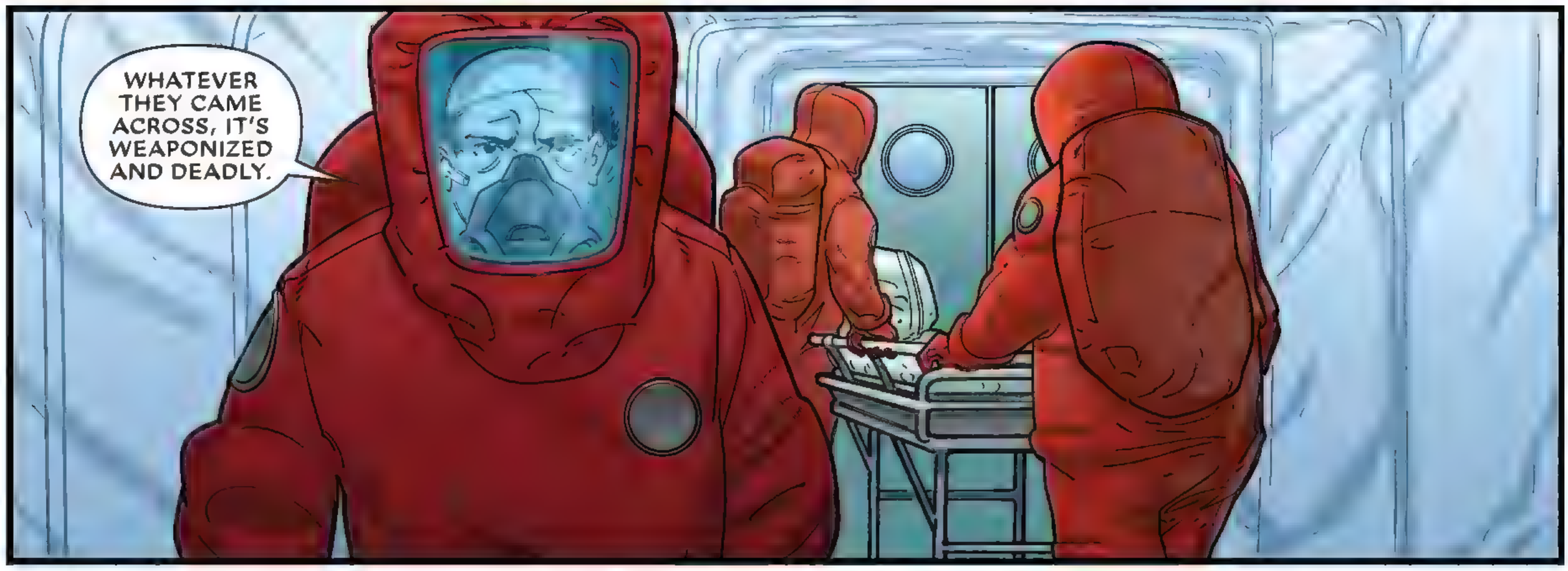
LISTEN TO ME. HAVE YOU BEEN AT THE CORONER'S OFFICE THIS WEEK?
I'M SERIOUS.
NO, BUT I'M SURE I ADDED TO HIS WORKLOAD.


YEAH, I WAS THERE. WHAT'S UP?
WHERE ARE YOU RIGHT NOW?
I'M OUTSIDE PRESTON'S.

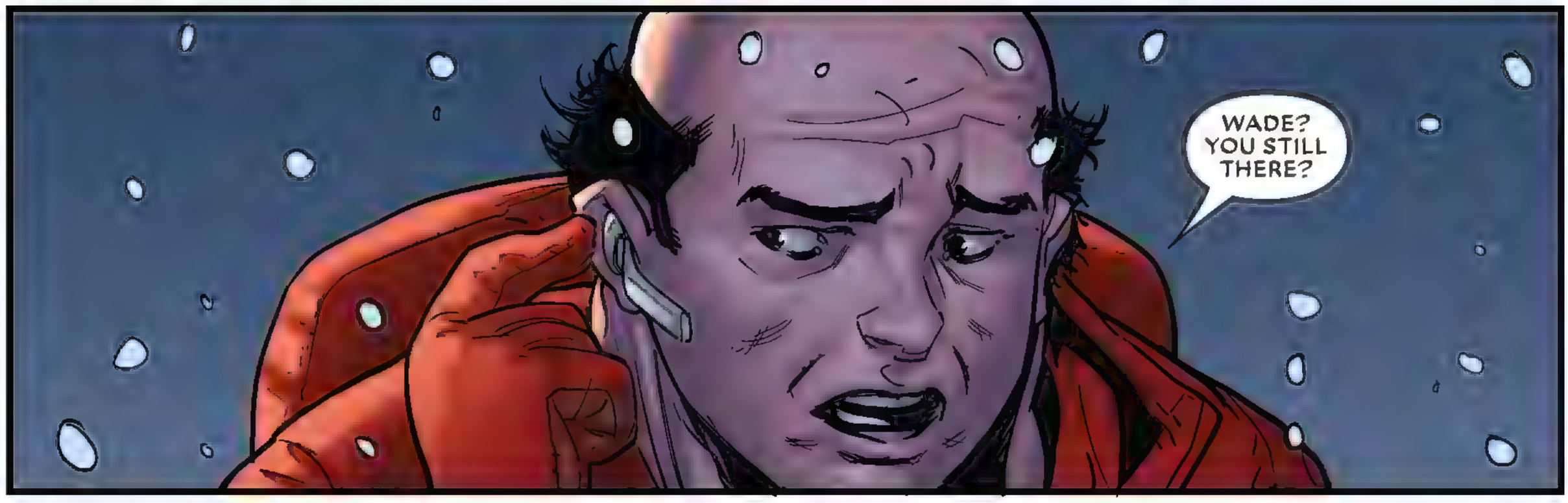
OKAY, GOOD. DON'T GO INSIDE.

WHY?
BECAUSE...


...BOTH CORONERS ARE *DEAD*.
SOME SORT OF HEMORRHAGIC FEVER.
WE FOUND YOUR UNIFORM IN THE INFECTIOUS WASTE BIN.


WHATEVER THEY CAME ACROSS, IT'S WEAPONIZED AND DEADLY.

WHY WOULD SOMEONE ATTACK THEM *AFTER* YOU LEFT?
YOU MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING TO THEM, OR SOMEONE WAS AFRAID THAT YOU DID TELL THEM SOMETHING...


WADE? YOU STILL THERE?

WADE! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

WADE!
TALK TO ME!
TO BE CONTINUED...

DEADPOOL #23
TRADDB

ZONE